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the sick issue

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Letters from

In what feels like a quick succession of sneezes, we dreamt up this issue, asked everyone we know to contribute to it, put it together, and sent it off to be printed. Satisfied, watery eyed, and relieved to have exorcised a small demon, we now present it to you.

In sickness and in health,

Tuesday

I didn't want to be that one cliché young buck editor. The new guy who is "just so lucky to have this opportunity." But here I am, young, new, and lucky. My ear to the windowsill, on a boltbus heading south down I-5, I looked out on a sideways Albany. Pale green pastures smeared across the window for miles uninterrupted as we drove. Then, as we passed an offramp leading to an empty highway, there was a flicker of white. By size and shape, I knew it was a sign. WRONG WAY DO NOT ENTER. The sign was negligibly small, small enough to miss. It could be miles before you encountered another car on the road. Eventually though, you'd collide with the consequence of your mistake head-on. Last year, I was ready to wash my hands of the only home I knew to forge a new one somewhere loud and strange and

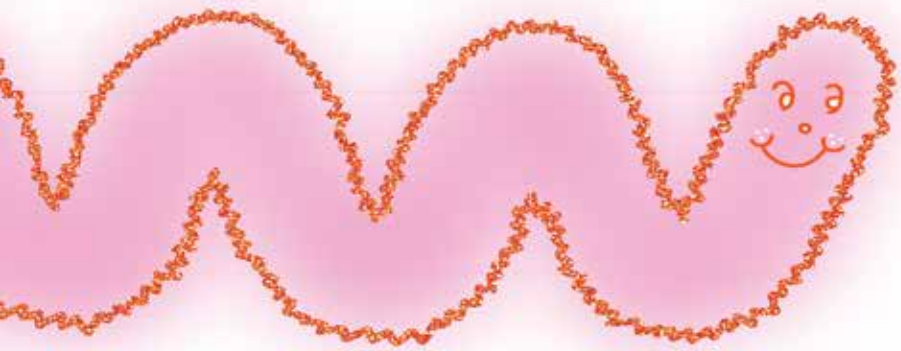
the Editors

lonely. Then, just as I was about to leave, I didn't. The one fear I had about staying was that the people and community I had spent weeks saying goodbye to, wouldn't want me back. Instead, I am here publishing my first issue of Oregon Voice with my best friend Tuesday. I walked away from Oregon Voice, but I got to come back. I just feel so lucky to have this opportunity.

Yours,

Kaya

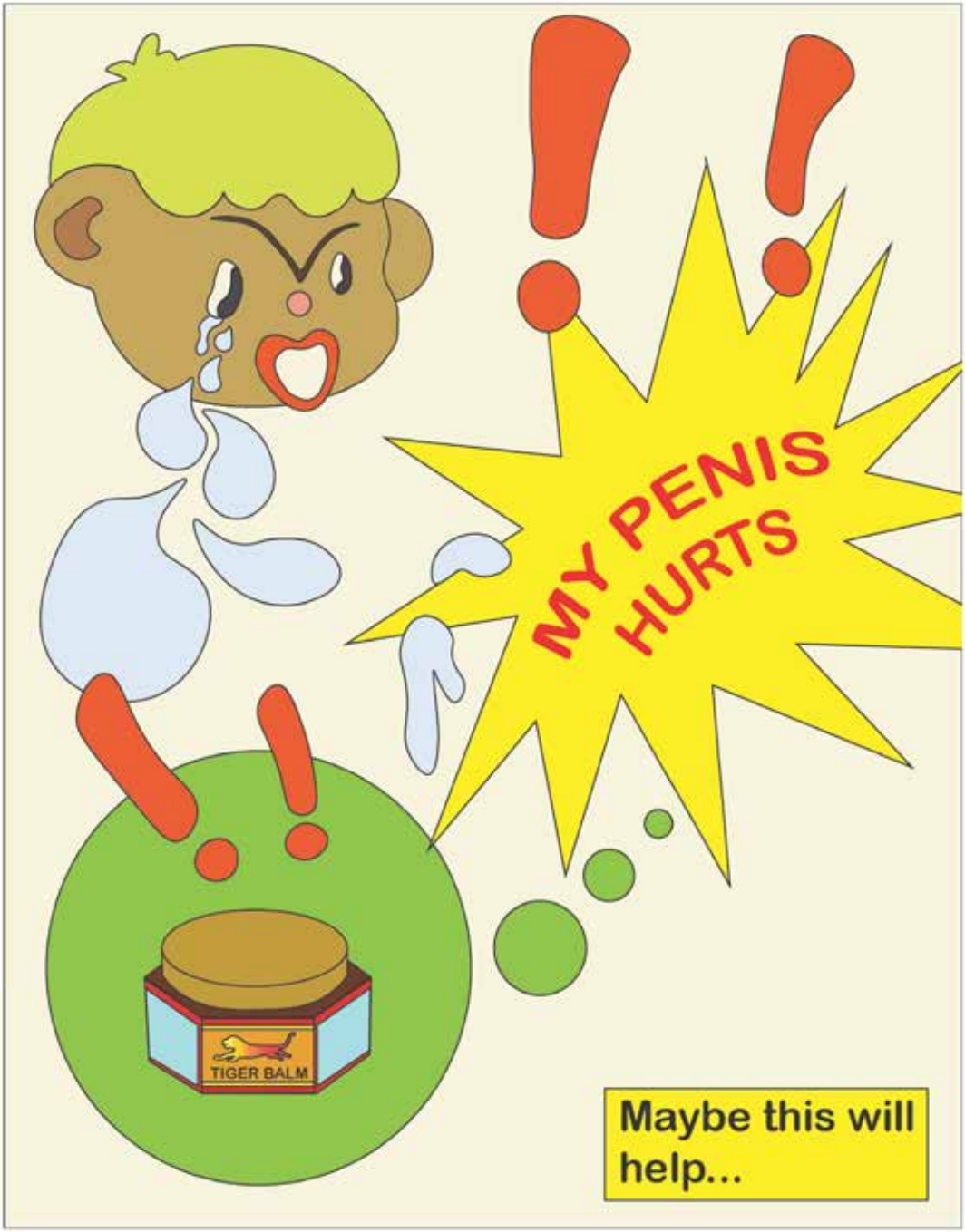
smile, you're oregon



reading voice

“The biggest thing I remember is all the middle schoolers making fun of me for having the kissing disease and I’d never even had my first kiss lmao.”

“One time my friend Kenny got mono and strep throat at the same time and his throat swelled up so much he couldn’t even drink water and he lost 20 pounds in a week.”



Kaya Noteboom

"Sick" day
One big stinky lie
To: jgordan@uoregon.edu
Cc/Bcc:
Subject: One big stinky lie
Hi there Prof,
I just wanted to let you know that unfortunately I will not be able to make it to class today as I've had an awful migraine the past few hours and am unable to get out of bed. If there is any way I could make up missed work, that would be fantastic.
Thanks much,
glee
NO:PE
CHEEZ-IT
2,702
5 steps to stop f*cking up
Please dear god get it together

Anna Maestas

SLIME BUSINESS

An Interview with Clare Laroche

by Kaya Noteboom

Over winter break, I sat down with my kid sister, Clare Laroche, to talk about the messy business of slime. Clare is a 5th grader at Maplewood Elementary in Portland, OR. She spends most of her free time preparing for Oregon Battle of the Books and practicing for her upcoming black-belt test. But a few years ago, when slime was at peak relevancy, Clare and her posse made slime together. Then they started to sell it.

KAYA: Tell me how you first got into slime?

CLARE: Well it was kind of a trend and it seemed really fun to play with at first. I actually suggested making a slime business with my friends before I even knew how to make slime.

K: When you say it was a trend, how did you find out about it?

C: I honestly don't know. It was a couple years ago so I was too little to actually know about trends. People were just playing with it and it seemed really fun to play with.

K: So people were playing with it at school?

C: Yeah. Teachers were really annoyed with it though.

K: Why?

C: Um, it gets all over the place. It's really distracting, especially for little kids to focus, when they have this sticky substance in front of them.

K: How did teachers deal with that?

C: Banning it. They banned it from being in class.

K: There was a strict no-slime ban?

C: Well, ok. There was no slime, but putty was ok because it doesn't stick as easily. They usually come in containers and it's easier to focus, I guess.

K: Putty is store-bought and slime is homemade?

C: You can make homemade putty, but it doesn't stick as easily and it's really hard to dry out. It was just a ban on slime because it's stickier.

K: When teachers made that ban, and

that specification, did they have to do slime research?

C: No, not at all. [Doing a teacher impression] It's sticky, it gets on my rug. So, no.

K: Ok. How did you learn how to make it?

C: I looked it up. I remember the first time I was trying to make it because I suggested a slime business, so I was like, 'Ok—first I need to know to make slime.' I looked it up and I found all these terrible recipes that were supposed to be a DIY special thing, but I ended up trying to throw it in the toilet. The toilet kind of got a little plugged, so I had to fix it while mom was asleep.

K: Why did you throw it in the toilet?

C: Because it was really gross and I couldn't throw it in the trash because it's liquid. It wasn't really sticking together.

K: [Laughs]

C: Mom told me to put it outside and I got locked outside the building. [Kaya gasps] I had to get someone to let me back in. It looked like someone puked on the street because it was white.

K: Wait—how did you get it out of the toilet?

C: I scooped it.

K: [laughs]

C: Not with my hands—with a cup.

K: With a cup?

C: Yeah.

K: It was liquid but still a solid?

C: Yes. It was weird. It's like—because the glue was getting in it, but also it wasn't. I was giving up on hope and there was slime all over my room. In containers, but like all over my room. I just remember looking up this one [recipe] on the Elmer's thing. It was glow in the dark, and it worked! It was the perfect slime: perfect texture, not sticky, actually glowed in the dark, and it was super cool.

K: What are the basics of a slime recipe?

C: You need glue, baking soda or saline solution—I preferred saline solution—um, I think... Sorry I haven't done this in a long time—um, [whispers to herself], food coloring if you want it to turn out a certain color, and really you just need very many ingredients. I don't really remember all the ingredients since I haven't made slime in a really long time, but yeah that's kind of the basic things that you need to make a good slime.

K: Why haven't you made slime in a long time?

C: It's really messy and I kind of lost interest. It's not really that fun anymore and as you get older, there's a lot of different stuff you can do. It's not that fun anymore I guess.

K: Slime is still pretty big on Instagram.

C: It is?

K: Yeah.

C: It's kind of cringey now.

K: You think it's cringey?

C: It had its time. It's gone. It should be like fidget spinners, you know? They had their time. Now they're gone.

K: Are they on the same plane?

C: Well, 2017 trends, you know.

K: Ok... You mentioned your slime business. How did that start?

C: I suggested it to my friend Phoebe and some of my other friends and I was like, 'Let's make a slime business. That would be fun. That's a good idea.' Even though I didn't know how to make slime. Everybody knew how to make it so I just pretended I knew how to make it. At school I was like, 'Let's make a slime business!' And everybody thought it was a good idea. I went home and went, 'Oh crap. I have no idea how to make slime.' So, I had to look it up.

K: It started with you and your friends. Who did what? Was everyone equally responsible?

C: Everyone was equally responsible for making slime. I remember I had this big backpack filled with slime—it got slime on it so I had to throw it away—but I remember we only made a couple of sales. We made ten dollars in sales. It had to end because our moms thought it was too messy and it just wasn't fun anymore.

K: How much were you selling it for?

C: It depends. If it was a big cup and really well-made slime with like, scents, glitter, and really nice perfect color, it was two dollars. But if it was small and maybe not the best material, but still worked, then one dollar.

K: But you made ten dollars, so that's quite a bit.

C: Yeah, but that was kind of off of family members and other people at school. I remember I sold some to my mom's friend, Shawna, to give to her kids who live in Singapore as a surprise. That was one of my favorite ones. It was a light purple, like lavender, and glittery, and it smelled like lavender. It was great.

K: Was that your favorite one you've ever made?

C: It was either that one, or the glow in the dark one that I made, but ruined because I did something to it and tried to fix it but it was super ruined.

K: Why did your business stop?

C: Mom. [Laughs]. She said it was too messy, and also it was just not going anywhere because we didn't have time since we started it at the end of the school year. We thought we could do it over the summer, but we were littler, so we couldn't hang out as much as we do, especially during the summer. Then school started back up again and we couldn't really sell it anywhere because we didn't have time and we weren't allowed to do a lot of stuff because—like I said—we were little kids.

K: It sounds like you were maybe a little too young at the time, but if you had been a little older the idea would've taken off.

C: Maybe, but it would've died off eventually because I don't really like slime anymore.

K: Yeah. Do you have any funny stories that you want to tell? What were some big accidents?

C: Oh yes. Slime was so big that one year, Phoebe decided to have a slime birthday party. We all made a ton of

slime in her garage—it was all really good slime because at that time were professionals—and the shaving cream—oh! Shaving cream is one of the ingredients. But, the shaving cream that we put in it made it sticky, and it's supposed to make it not sticky, but it made it stickier, so it stuck to all of our hands. We tried to run inside to grab paper towels, but it was dripping down our hands, and eventually we got so much shaving cream on the floor that we decided to hold onto the table and run in it. It was like ice skating. It was really fun.

K: Do you remember when we got—when you slime on mom's Pendleton blanket?

C: Yeah. I remember one time I was home alone playing with slime and I got it on mom's rug. I had to flip the rug over [Kaya gasps].

K: You flipped the rug over? Is it still there?

C: I think she got rid of the rug. I got some on this one too [points to the rug in the living-room] but I got it out.

Clare's *Favorite* Slime

Ingredients
5 oz Elmer's Glow in the Dark Glue
½ tbsp of baking soda
1 tbsp of contact lens solution

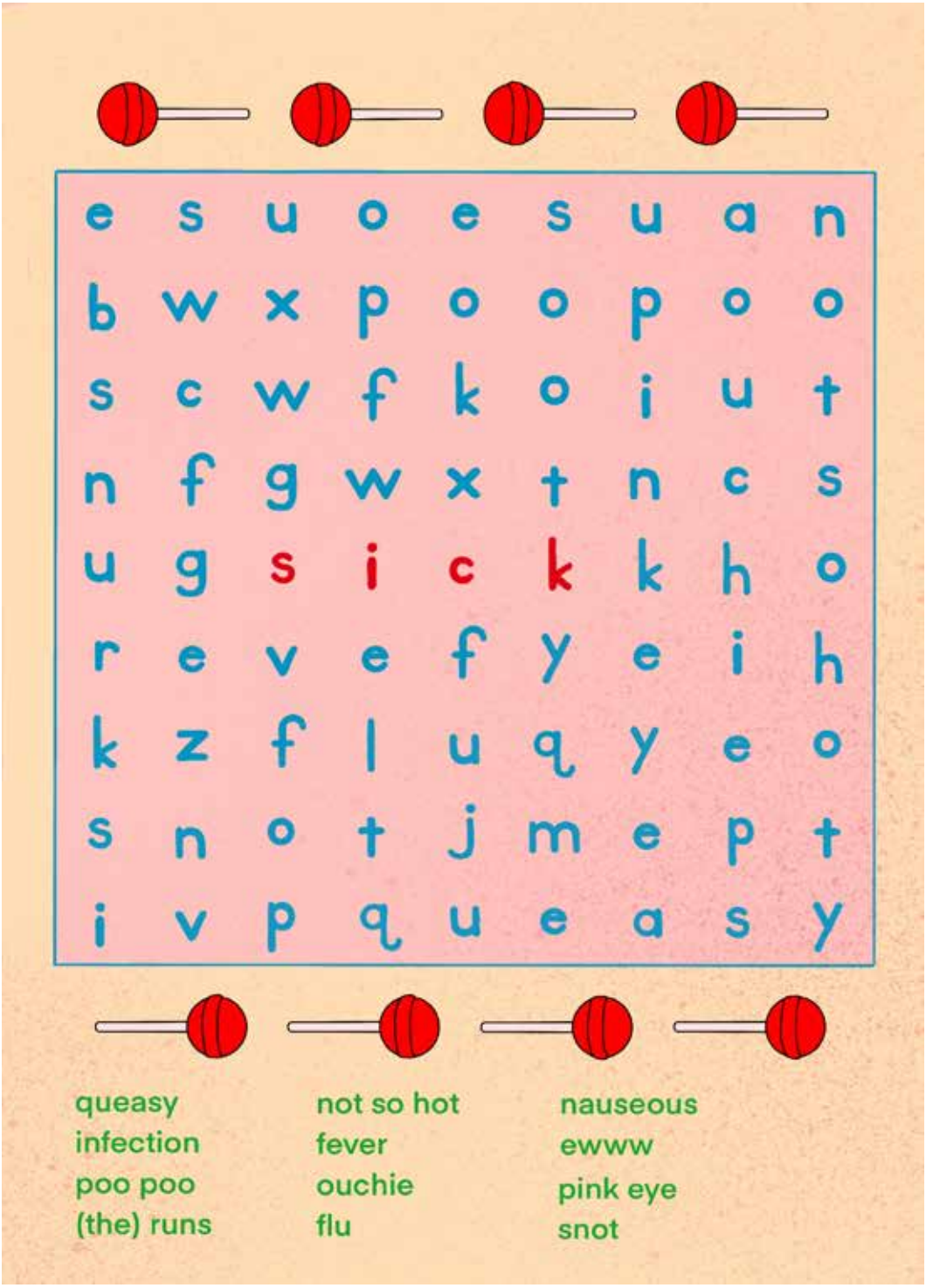
1. Pour out entire contents of the 5 fl oz Elmer's Glow in the Dark Glue into a bowl.

2. Add ½ tbsp of baking soda and mix thoroughly.

3. Add 1 tbsp of contact lens solution. Mix until mixture gets harder to mix and slime begins to form.

4. Take the slime out and begin kneading with both of your hands.

5. If it's too sticky, add ¼ tbsp contact lens solution and knead. Keep adding ¼ tbsp contact lens solution until desired consistency.


e s u o e s u a n
b w x p o o p o o
s c w f k o i u t
n f g w x t n c s
u g s i c k k h o
r e v e f y e i h
k z f l u q y e o
s n o t j m e p t
i v p q u e a s y
queasy
infection
poo poo
(the) runs
not so hot
fever
ouchie
flu
nauseous
ewww
pink eye
snot

Eleanor Klock

pie

Tuesday Lewman

Poems
by Narsingh Khalsa

Marine Layer

Seaweed traces the
footsteps of waves, balmy-
ocean shoals shaped by endless tide.
wet stones sparkle

in august's hazy
sun, uncommon artifacts
poke their heads from rocks, knowingly
making their claim

smooth and gentle mist
calms all stones, branches, leaves.
leaving nothing untouched, passing
itself on by.

the ancient grey haze
leaves its kisses on the tide,
consuming all living creatures
until they rise.

Cherry Tree

hawks lifted in breeze
circling an old cherry tree
opal white blossoms
like pearls from the sea

ivory petals fall
cushioned with air
shining in the shade
resting in pairs

cloves of bark rain
wooden flesh shaved
leaving a restless haze
marking this new grave

Illustrated by Clancy O'Connor

Pain and Glory: A Master of Film at His Most Exposed

By Dante Peña

Tinnitus can be defined as a ringing in one's ear even when no actual noise is present. This ailment is one of many that plague the aging director Salvador Mallo played solemnly and expertly by Antonio Banderas in Pedro Almodóvar's new film Dolor y gloria (Pain and Glory). Perhaps Almodóvar's most personal work, Pain and Glory explores a filmmaker at the end of his rope. Banderas' Mallo is sick, in every sense of the word. In an extraordinary animated sequence towards the beginning of the film the audience is given an anatomy lesson on just how unwell Salvador is both mentally and physically (I cannot even fathom listing all of his illnesses, but a few include: insomnia, severe depression, intrinsic asthma, and muscle spasms). This deconstruction of a man at his weakest is essentially the cornerstone of the entire film. Ultimately the film follows Mallo as he struggles to write and create a new film. Almodóvar has stated that Banderas' character in the film is a representation of himself. This representation is obvious; Mallo's hair is grey and spiky just like Almodovar's own, his fancy apartment filled with trinkets and furniture that are actually Almodovar's in real life. Almodovar has put his entire existence into this film and released it for us to shred him to pieces. However, instead of faulting the director for his most meta work I wish to applaud him more than I ever have before.

As the film progresses we are displaced into two timelines. The first is the past set in 1960s Patema, Spain in which Mallo is a child. The second is present day in which Mallo is approaching old age as a single gay man living in Madrid (once again reflecting Almodóvar's own situation). In the flashbacks of Salvador's childhood we are greeted by a host of village characters (including a cameo appearance by Spanish pop star Rosalía). However there are two characters that are extremely central to the development of Salvador as a person. The first is Penelope Cruz as Mallo's mother Jacinta. Cruz's Jacinta is both calculating and loving, a dichotomy that she plays to

perfection. This disparate connection of emotion is perhaps why Banderas' Mallo is both guarded and vulnerable. This relationship is further explored in present day with Julieta Serrano playing an older, more callous Jacinta. The second character from the past that propels Mallo from child to man is Eduardo (César Vicente), a beautiful local young man who helps the Mallos with construction on their cave (yes they live in a cave; it is a major point of contention for Cruz's character). It is clear from the start of their relationship that the young Salvador is enamored with Eduardo. This all comes to a head in what is in my opinion the most astonishing portrayals of first desire ever depicted on screen. The past within the film functions as a substantiation of the present. Without the past it is made clear that Mallo would not be as damaged or as understanding as he is.

The most staggering moment in the film belongs to the scene in which Asier Exteandia who soars as Alberto Crespo (an old friend and actor who was in a film of Mallo's decades ago) gives old Salvador heroin to smoke. The drug is ultimately the reason why Mallo quit talking to Crespo because he felt that Crespo's performance in one of his films, "Sabor," was hindered by his heroin use. Therefore, it is shocking to Crespo, Mallo, and the audience that Mallo would partake in heroin so easily. However, this should not be shocking at all. This is precisely the activity I can envision Mallo doing. He has nothing left to lose. His mother died a couple of years ago. He recently had spinal surgery. He is constantly bombarded by his inner voice telling him that he is simply not good enough. Thus Mallo's heroin addiction as the film develops reveals to us a man begging to be put in a grave. However, the world won't let Mallo escape that easily.

After Crespo finds a piece of writing on Mallo's computer he demands that he be allowed to perform it on stage in order to reinvigorate his acting career. This harkens back to Banderas' relationship with Almodóvar. After starring in 1989's Tie Me Up! Tie Me Down! Banderas departed from working with Almodóvar until 2011's The Skin I Live In. Banderas went on to star in Hollywood films leading to a long and prosperous career in film. However, his role in Pain and Glory is undoubtedly the best work of his career. Banderas' Mallo shines and dims. He is both within and without. He both cares too much and not at all. If Banderas is not at least nominated for his performance here I will personally start a riot against the film industry as a whole. There is a compassion and feeling in Banderas' performance that cannot be taught. For the entire film it is as if Banderas' Mallo is holding a loaded gun to his temple ready to kill himself at any moment. Yet every time he tries to shoot himself it's a blank.

Almodóvar has crafted a film about queer isolation that only he could create. The shots and color palette of the film reflect Salvador's world weariness and perhaps Almodóvar's own apathy. I do not think I have watched a more meta film this year, perhaps even my whole life. At times I had to remind myself that Salvador was his own character and not just a cut and copy of Almodóvar. Perhaps Almodóvar is a bit self indulgent here, but he has every right to be so. He has survived in the film industry for decades as an openly gay man right from the begining of his career. Some may prefer the frenetic work of Almodóvar's early films such as Matador or Law of Desire , but there is no denying the power in the lanquidity of his current work. Pain and Glory is the work of an artist who knows exactly what he is doing and exactly what he wants to say. This becomes abundantly clear in the last shot of the film (which I won't spoil because it is so genius and so Almodóvar it exceeded all expectations I had for the end of the film).

One moment from the film that resonated with me deeply was when Mallo in present day is sitting with his dying mother and states that he is sorry that him existing as he is is such a detriment to her life. The moment is fleeting, yet Almodóvar's direction and Banderas' delivery of this line captures the essence of this film perfectly. Almodóvar has never compromised his work to appeal to the masses. This time when he says he doesn't care he really fucking means it. Above all else Pain and Glory is not only a personal triumph, but a triumph for cinema as an artform.

“Under What?”

by Anonymous

Starry eyes full of chutes and ladders,
Hoops and hallways hung with laughter
Heaven, hell, it makes no matter
When you’re under

Foolish tongue and hazy brain
Rim shots clatter like blazing rain
One-e-and-a-two-e-and back to the shame
Of being under

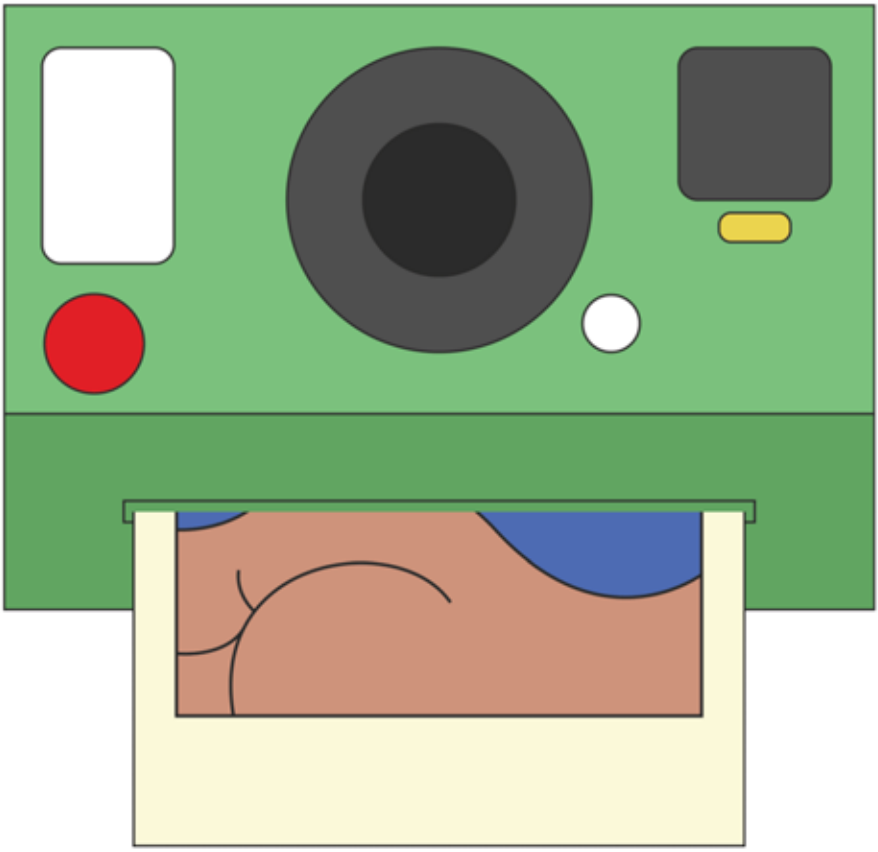
Under what, exactly?
He called down at me
I sent some bubbles right back up
They burst out of thirst to interrupt

But all your shots are fired from tanks
So water burned and fire sank
And all your neurons fire blanks
When you think — you think — you’re under

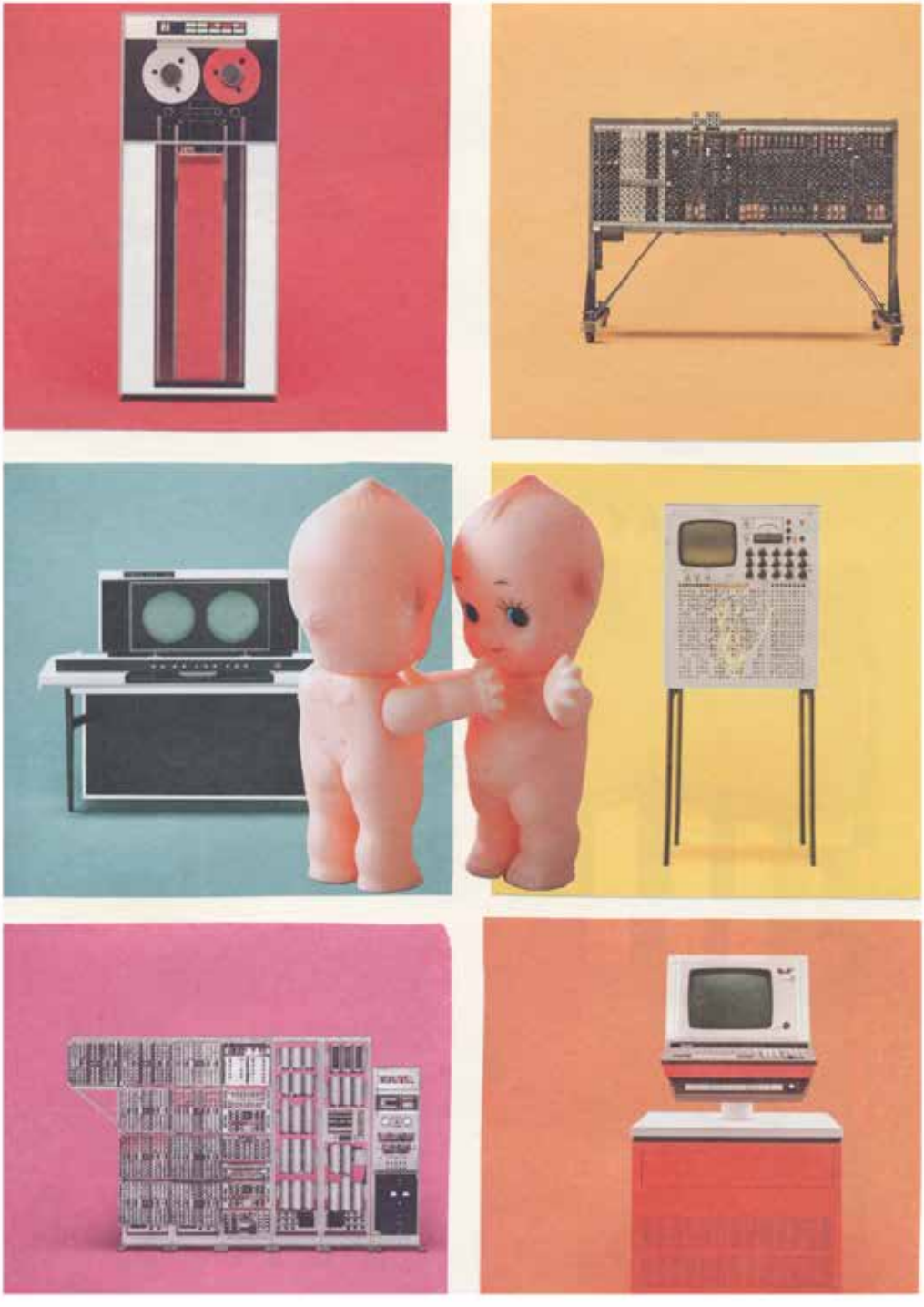
Disorder

by Lisa Deluc

White ceramic vile with memory,
Ringing with silence after malady.
This disorder that ails the orderly,
Germinates from pain, force fed by cruelty.
Tracing back the lineage of this infirmity,
Spirals downward in guava-green melan-
choly.
A cholic that fills night with harmony,
A sickly cacophony,
A theme song for the unhealthy,
A Pollock for the guilty, floating idly.
“I’ve got the spirit, but lose the feeling,
Let it out somehow”.



Danielle Lewis



Gillian Arthur

10 Films

by Maggie Dixon

The following films depict the body in relation to three modalities: technology, facism, and violence. These three modalities are distinguishable yet inseparable. Each film delineates how the movement of the body in the contemporary era is restricted through the denial of autonomy imposed by an authoritative figure or entity. I do not intend to offer an analysis, but to present films (that do not wish to explain but rather) that display movement.

To quote Foucault, "The soul is the prison of the body."

1. Salo (1977)

2. Martyrs (2008)

3. Dogtooth (2009)

4. Tetsuo: The Iron Man (1989)

5. Metropolis (1927)

6. Videodrome (1983)

7. Sorry To Bother You (2018)

8. The Piano Teacher (2001)

9. Ex Machina (2014)

10. Akira (1988)

Untitled
by Michael Stern

status migrainus

when i eat bread i break teeth

the teeth grow back everyday breaking

through gums too soft too tender to the touch

incessant rain rolls across the roof

sound curls almost like smoke curls

there's no smoke here besides the rain

everything carries more substance than my head can bear

the air is heavy sharply perfumed by the stink of all at once

skin sensitive as a rash that sharpens every cloth

turning touch coarse a jagged drop on the skin

the day oozes time I wear dark glasses indoors

Cullen Sharp

Jonathan Roensch

Elle s'appelle
BARB

Kate Liu

respectrum

Jordan Peterson

Tickling

Degrees of Kevin Bacon

Tykeson Hall

Playboy (for the articles)

Paper straws

Product Design

Facebook

Adam Sandler

no respect

Pete Buttigieg

Taylor Swift (the artist)

Pitchfork

A cold morning

Podcasters

Viking TV shows

Goofy protest posters

Ethos

The Big One

respectrum

respectrum

G.T.F.F.	Mushroom Festival
Detective Pikachu	Do Not Disturb mode
Eczema lotion	Chewing garlic cloves
Libraries	Taco Bell
Shag haircuts	Taylor Swift (the art)
Robert Pattinson	Butterscotch chips
Rahul	Baristas I know
A brisk day	Dead phone
Podcasts	Greasy hair
Ibuprophen	The person who coined “Incel”
“You Got the Touch”	Cheese Quesadillas
Fear Factor	The Oregon Voice
The Algorithm	Akon
Reusable straws	Sneezing

mad respect

respectrum

1 MINUTE WITH BIJAN BERAHIMI

NAME: BIJAN BERAHIMI

1. Favorite thing to eat when you're sick.

HOT N SOUR SOUP

2. Favorite thing to watch when you're sick.

REALITY TV (

3. What's something so cool you would call-in sick from work for?

STAY IN BED

4. Favorite packaging at the drugstore.

SCRUB DADDY (AS SEEN ON TV)

5. Draw a germ.

Tuesday Lewman

Self-Care Skeptic

by
Kaya Noteboom

At some point, a fundamental aspect of life—taking care of yourself—became a buzzword so widely used and imbued with virtue that it could be likened to #I'mWithHer. "Self-care," has been accepted into just about every corner of public life. What started as popular psychology inevitably made its way to Instagram (and all else). Now it seems like everyone has their own definition of self-care and wants to preach it as the best one.

Conceptualizing the intrinsic action of being alive should not only sound absurd to you, but alarming. Knowing that people feel so over-expended and starved of joy that they need to make a conscious effort to integrate wellness into their hectic lives, is concerning. But it's outright gross that thousands of people in this country can't keep themselves well even if they wanted to. Self-care, in the best of light, appears to be the antidote to a wealth of people suffering from the exploitive demands of all that oppresses (capitalism, the patriarchy, white supremacy, etc.), but if you remove the Kim K ring-light and take a hard look under public restroom fluorescents, the wrinkles in self-care begin to show.

Self-care is a goldmine of a marketing scheme. This is because several industries can have their own niche using the same broad idea. Colloquially defined, self-care can mean many things. It can be eating something delicious, taking a relaxing bath, exercising, or even making time to see your friends. These things can be done if you can afford the time. However, companies sniffed out an opportunity—they began to pedal their products as a "lifestyle," harder than ever before. Picture the invention of the American nuclear family home after World War II, except it's social project even marginalized identities and alternative new-wavey people can get behind as more and more companies attune a neoliberal moral front that promotes environmental and social change through purchasing power. When an individual's purchases become synonymous with moral integrity, the formation of their identity is contingent on what they

buy. When self-care is marketed as a positive life-style choice, it becomes a profitable idea that feeds on the most essential and vulnerable of our needs: our physical health, our self-esteem, and mental well-being.

Accepting self-care as it's understood in a neoliberal context is saying, *I don't have the tools I need to take care of myself. I will seek them out on my own.* Capitalism rewards this perception of self-care because it illuminates a private need or a deficiency, highlighting our individual inadequacy. It attempts to answer our deficiencies with an infinite series of purchases. This is a round-about way of taking care of yourself because the answer is never sufficient, your need is never met. But, when you approach care from a relational standpoint instead of an isolated one, you get much closer.

Relational-care is saying, *I don't have the tools to do this on my own. I need you*. To be advocating for the words "I need you," when many of us have been taught to be weary of those who might try to steal the happiness and wealth we've accumulated on our own, feels crazy. This principle of relational-care has been essential to the survival of marginalized communities of color, varying abilities, and non-normative genders and sexualities. The survival of marginalized people is dependent on the people around them that accept them for what they lack because they also know what it's like to be deprived of the resources that come with being a majority. Meanwhile in the majority, needing assistance from your community is a sign of moral impurity, and we attribute vocalized need to innate weakness. We fear for our wealth and happiness being stolen. We fear someone might see our weakness.

Something often forgotten when voicing a need or responding to one, is that everyone has the ability and right to lovingly say no. We also forget that our needs are specific. We don't need the entirety of an individual, we need the support they give us in a specific way. If for whatever reason support from that person must stop, we can find support elsewhere. We're taught to steer clear of those in need for fear of losing what we have, but we're also taught to feel guilt and shame when we don't have enough of anything. We're told that we fail if we can't do something on our own, meanwhile industries openly thrive on our insecurities. I encourage you to consider why we need a thing called self-care at all, to challenge the gross ways self-care is evoked to promote things that won't actually help you, and to recognize the privilege in access to health and wellness. Most of all though, I want you to try doing the hard work of self-care, which is actually admitting to someone else that you need them.

These images are sourced from a book titled, “Heal Your Body,” by Louise L. Hay. “Heal Your Body,” was published in 1982 as Hay’s answer to the distrust of Western medicine that grew out of doctors’s public confusion surrounding the emergence of HIV and AIDS. It was her belief that physical illnesses were the product of corresponding negative thoughts, and could be curved with inversely positive thinking. While her logic is fatally flawed, “Heal Your Body,” speaks to the fallible desire to come up with simple solutions for problems so complex they seem impossible to grasp.

– Pain	Guilt. Desire for punishment. Not feeling good enough.	*The past is over. I choose to love and approve of myself in the now.*
Anxiety	Not trusting the flow and the process of life.	*I love and approve of myself and I trust the process of life. I am safe.*
Apathy	Resistance to feeling. Deadening of the self. Fear.	*It is safe to feel. I open myself to life. I am willing to experience life.*
Appendicitis	Fear. Fear of life. Blocking the flow of good.	*I am safe. I relax and let life flow joyously.*
Appetite		
– Excessive	Fear. Needing protection. Judging the emotions.	*I am safe. It is safe to feel. My feelings are normal and acceptable.*
– Loss of See: Anorexia	Fear. Protecting the self. Not trusting life.	*I love and approve of myself. I am safe. Life is safe and joyous.*
Arm(s)	Represents the capacity and ability to hold the experiences of life.	*I lovingly hold and embrace my experiences with ease and with joy.*
Arteries	Carry the joy of life.	*I am filled with joy. It flows through me with every beat of my heart.*

14

Arteriosclerosis	Resistance, tension. Hardened narrow-mindedness. Refusing to see good.	*I am completely open to life and to joy. I choose to see with love.*
Arthritic Fingers	A desire to punish. Blame. Feeling victimized.	*I see with love and understanding. I hold all my experiences up to the light of love.*
Arthritis See: Joints	Feeling unloved. Criticism, resentment.	*I am love. I now choose to love and approve of myself. I see others with love.*
Asphyxiating Attacks See: Breathing Problems, Hyperventilation	Fear. Not trusting the process of life. Getting stuck in childhood.	*It is safe to grow up. The world is safe. I am safe.*
Asthma	*Smother* love. Inability to breathe for one's self. Feeling stifled. Suppressed crying.	*It is safe now for me to take charge of my own life. I choose to be free.*
– Babies and Children	Fear of life. Not wanting to be here.	*This child is safe and loved. This child is welcomed and cherished.*

15

Cystitis See: Bladder Problems		
Deafness	Rejection, stubbornness, isolation. What don't you want to hear? "Don't bother me."	*I listen to the Divine and rejoice at all that I am able to hear. I am one with all.*
Death	Represents leaving the movie of life.	*I joyfully move on to new levels of experience. All is well.*
Dementia See: Alzheimer's Disease, Senility	A refusal to deal with the world as it is. Hopelessness and anger.	*I am in my perfect place and I am safe at all times.*
Depression	Anger you feel you do not have a right to have. Hopelessness.	*I now go beyond other people's fears and limitations. I create my life.*
Diabetes (Hyperglycemia, Mellitus)	Longing for what might have been. A great need to control. Deep sorrow. No sweetness left.	*This moment is filled with joy. I now choose to experience the sweetness of today.*
Diarrhea	Fear. Rejection. Running off.	*My intake, assimilation and elimination are in perfect order. I am at peace with life.*
Dizziness (Vertigo)	Flighty, scattered thinking. A refusal to look.	*I am deeply centered and peaceful in life. It is safe for me to be alive and joyous.*
Dry Eye	Angry eyes. Refusing to see with love. Would rather die than forgive. Being spiteful.	*I willingly forgive. I breathe life into my vision and see with compassion and understanding.*
Dysentery	Fear and intense anger.	*I create peacefulness in my mind and my body reflects this.*
—Amoebic	Believing *they* are out to get you.	*I am the power and authority in my world. I am at peace.*
—Bacillary	Oppression and hopelessness.	*I am filled with life and energy and the joy of living.*
Dysmenorrhea See: Female Problems, Menstrual Problems	Anger at the self. Hatred of the body or of women.	*I love my body. I love myself. I love all my cycles. All is well.*
Ear(s)	Represents the capacity to hear.	*I hear with love.*
Earache (Otitis: External/Ear Canal Media/Inner Ear)	Anger. Not wanting to hear. Too much turmoil. Parents arguing.	*Harmony surrounds me. I listen with love to the pleasant and the good. I am a center for love.*

“I binged all of Glee and knitted a scarf no one wanted.”

Pea

by Kaitlyn McCafferty

"Radiant Supper"

"The Holy Consumption"

"Morning Sickness"

Mady Maszk

Thinking Through Illness

By Patrick Riley

In the fall of 2016, Professor Michael Stern called in sick for the first time in fifteen years. Sitting in bed with a terrible headache, he wrote his lecture notes from his phone. It would be over a year before he felt well enough to return to the classroom. I met with him recently to hear the full account of his illness and recovery.

That summer, he'd just returned from a trip to Ghana to meet with the Philosophy Department at the university in Accra. African Philosophy is his main area of interest, but he's also a Nietzsche scholar as well as the Director for Undergraduate Studies in the Scandanavian Department here at the University of Oregon.

I first met Michael in a class about Ingmar Bergman which ended up being one of the most fulfilling experiences of my college career. I was struck by his blend of expertise, humility, and humor. When he leads a Freshman Interest Group, he invites his students to over for dinner with him and his wife. He helped me personally through a stressful shift in my academic route. Two years ago, when I first took his class, he was still relying somewhat on the help of a cane.

That summer after the trip, Michael had felt his legs get wobbly and he was constantly out of breath. His temperature was erratic. He planned to go on sabbatical in January to rest and work on his writing. His symptoms got worse over winter break. He was sent to a neurologist who thought he was having migraines, but couldn't do anything to help them. They ran a number of tests, but nothing seemed to work. Meanwhile, Michael was stuck in bed most of the time.

He says one of his greatest fears during this time was of status migrainosus: "a migraine you don't get out of." Later that spring, that's what happened.

"They would start at the base of my skull and they would move and move and move, and when they closed in the front of my skull, I was completely out. I was hallucinating, you know the migraine thing where everything starts to get duller and duller and whiter and whiter. You don't have your full range of vision, I was seeing aura. My sense of smell opened up.

I wrote a poem about it once where I described the migraine as 'the stink of all at once,' because everything kind of opens up your senses. You're really sensitive to sound. Light is overbearing, so I'd have to wear sunglasses inside. My whole body was sensitized, like the clothes I was wearing had sharp edges on them. It was just debilitating pain."

It was too difficult to read, write, look at any kind of screen, or to talk with people. Michael didn't know if or when he would get substantial relief. But it was springtime, and he could see the trees blooming outside from his couch. He spent his time gazing out the window.

"I thought I would look at the way I sense the light coming on the blooms as the sun shifted and think about things like, 'Well, why do I see a lawn and individual blades of grass? How does my thinking organize my sensations?' I was able to–kind of for the first time in my life–think about nothing."

Michael says, in a way it was freeing, but it was also deeply isolating. Being stuck in bed made it harder to be close with his family. As the spring went on, he got a series of MRIs, but they weren't showing anything, and then he began having strokes.

"It was almost like there was a lid in my head, and the lid closes, and all gets dark. I felt like I was powering down, and then I felt like I was rebooted, but the files were scrambled. 'How do I walk?' 'What do I do?' 'Where am I?'"

After another MRI, they discovered his spine had collapsed, and spinal fluid wasn't flowing to his brain. He underwent a series of operations that stopped the strokes, and partially helped the headaches. He took a year off to recover.

Coming back to work was far from easy. The university refused to give him the schedule accommodations his doctor recommended. He also had to figure out teaching with his condition–whether to hide the pain or talk about it. He resolved: "I've always thought the classroom was not about me. I come in with a wet headache, nobody knows it."

That's how it's been for the last couple years. He works every day, including weekends, because he can't work long hours. Over time he's figured out ways to manage the pain (dark rooms and boring podcasts).

For how much this condition has cost him, he also talks a lot about what he's managed to gain from it. There were a lot of disappointments, like having to cancel a trip to teach philosophy in Italy, and there was constant anxiety around his health, but all of it forced him to do a lot of reassessment.

"All the things I thought were really important paled in comparison to just getting through the day. And so that changes your mentality, and that dramatic change forces a reflection that I think in the long run has been good for me. I just try to learn something out of it and make it positive, but it wasn't necessarily something

that was fun to go through."

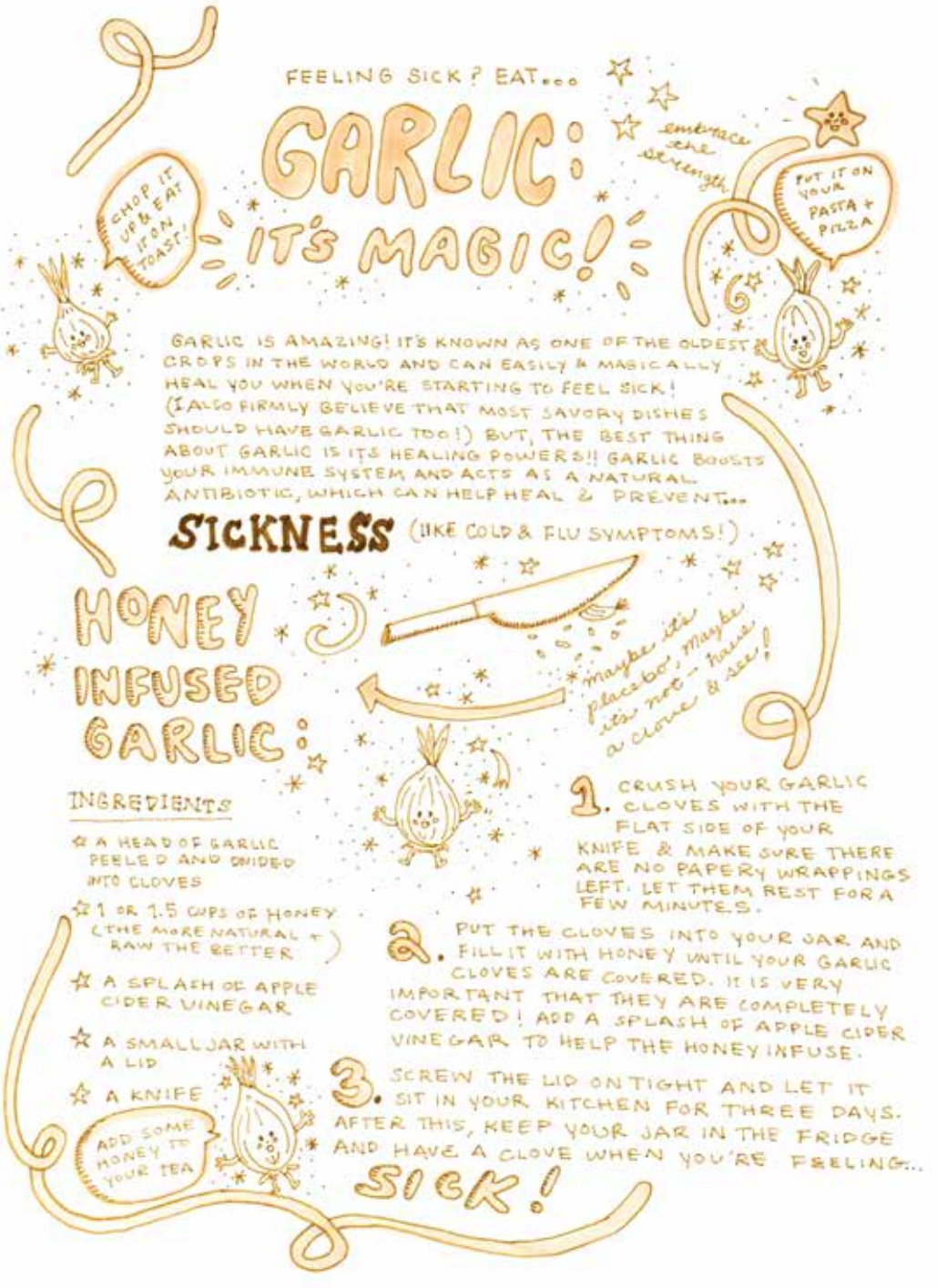
I never knew Michael before all this happened, but he seems like someone who has managed to obtain some genuine wisdom from his ordeal. Spending time with him in his class or his office or the new boba shop on 13th, there's a contagious sense of calm. A group of middle aged and elderly Eugene residents would come to the weekly Bergman screenings that he opened up to the public, thrilled at the chance to watch these films on a big screen and discuss them afterwards. Watching him respond to their questions and ideas, I realized I'd never taken a class that made me feel so connected to the world.

Michael can no longer travel, dance, or go to the movies. The lights in his office stay dimmed. But he's reading, writing, teaching, and most importantly spending time with people.

Back when Michael started having strokes, he kept a journal, documenting and describing them. Next to one entry I saw the words, "no cure in sight."

"When I look back at the notebooks I was keeping at the time, I was pretty much certain that I wasn't gonna make it. There were some very poignant moments of thinking about what I would miss, and some very positive moments of thinking how I could be during the time I have left to the people I love and about the things I wanted to do. It's a clarifying moment, and clarification is never too bad. And I thought, well, I've lived a good life. I've been lucky enough to have wonderful people in it, and that's what I decided was my main measuring point for how good my life was: who was in it. And I've been quite lucky. So that's the way I looked at it."

Emma Fale-Olsen


FEELING SICK? EAT...
GARLIC: IT'S MAGIC!
embrace the strength
CHOP IT UP & EAT IT ON TOAST.
PUT IT ON YOUR PASTA + PIZZA
GARLIC IS AMAZING! IT'S KNOWN AS ONE OF THE OLDEST CROPS IN THE WORLD AND CAN EASILY & MAGICALLY HEAL YOU WHEN YOU'RE STARTING TO FEEL SICK! (I ALSO FIRMLY BELIEVE THAT MOST SAVORY DISHES SHOULD HAVE GARLIC TOO!) BUT, THE BEST THING ABOUT GARLIC IS ITS HEALING POWERS!! GARLIC BOOSTS YOUR IMMUNE SYSTEM AND ACTS AS A NATURAL ANTIBIOTIC, WHICH CAN HELP HEAL & PREVENT...
SICKNESS (LIKE COLD & FLU SYMPTOMS!)
maybe it's placebo, maybe it's not - have a clove & see!
HONEY INFUSED GARLIC:
INGREDIENTS
A HEAD OF GARLIC PEELED AND DIVIDED INTO CLOVES
1 OR 1.5 CUPS OF HONEY (THE MORE NATURAL + RAW THE BETTER)
A SPLASH OF APPLE CIDER VINEGAR
A SMALL JAR WITH A LID
A KNIFE
ADD SOME HONEY TO YOUR TEA
1. CRUSH YOUR GARLIC CLOVES WITH THE FLAT SIDE OF YOUR KNIFE & MAKE SURE THERE ARE NO PAPERY WRAPPINGS LEFT. LET THEM REST FOR A FEW MINUTES.
2. PUT THE CLOVES INTO YOUR JAR AND FILL IT WITH HONEY UNTIL YOUR GARLIC CLOVES ARE COVERED. IT IS VERY IMPORTANT THAT THEY ARE COMPLETELY COVERED! ADD A SPLASH OF APPLE CIDER VINEGAR TO HELP THE HONEY INFUSE.
3. SCREW THE LID ON TIGHT AND LET IT SIT IN YOUR KITCHEN FOR THREE DAYS. AFTER THIS, KEEP YOUR JAR IN THE FRIDGE AND HAVE A CLOVE WHEN YOU'RE FEELING... SICK!

Taylor Allen

“I got mono the summer of freshman year. I worked at Justice for 2 days until I couldn’t because I was so sick.”

“I started working at a lumber mill and after one week I found out I had mono.”

Held Hostage

by Eli Schumont-Shipley

It is a desolate place, this western desert, all dust and dead plants and dirt roads. Roads that go from nowhere to nowhere else and aren't ever driven because of it. An old pickup is pulled onto the shoulder of a particularly worn example.

It's a truck you wouldn't look twice at, unless you noticed the gleam of the lever action rifle, which rests on a rack in the back of the cab. Its gleam is unmatched by anything in weather-beaten desert, by anything except its companion revolver which the owner of the truck grips. This gun is even more aye catching, mostly because of its direction. The owner holds it pointed at the woman behind him.

"Get out of the truck," he says.

"Please, don't," she replies, "please..."

"Look, I'm not going to hurt you," he says, "we are just going to sit here until they come with the money."

"But it's freezing," she says, "and I don't even have a pair of shoes."

"You'll be fine. Get the hell out of the truck."

This time she does, moving slowly. When she is finally out, he hands her a few feet of rope and tells her to tie her ankles together.

"Don't do this," she says, fearing the worst. "I've done everything you asked. Please, I don't deserve this."

"Relax. If you just do what I say this will all be over soon. A few hours at most. Then you can go back to your husband and he will hug you and tell you he loves you"— his body begins to tremble— "and the last month will be nothing but a bad memory—" the kidnapper cuts off mid-sentence, his body shuddering. Then he rushes out into the desert, where he leans over and empties his stomach.

Everyone on set groans. They drop their heavy cameras and microphones and stare at him vengefully. When he comes back, he won't look them in the eyes. "I'm sorry," he says, "I must have eaten something bad last night." It's one of the many excuses he has been giving for weeks, ever since they started trying to shoot the abduction plotline.

"It's okay, Casey," the director says, "but remember, it hasn't been a month for her. The line is 'the last few hours will be nothing but a bad memory.'"

"Sorry," Casey replies.

"It's alright, just try and remember it next time. Now, we've been shooting for a while. Why don't you guys take a break? Amanda, that take was almost perfect. Try to look a little more worried though, if you can."

Casey and Amanda leave the set together, walking to a car parked further down the road. As they get in, Casey rushes to take a sip from the pink bottle of Pepto-Bismol that he pulls from his pocket.

"How's the stomach?" Amanda asks.

"Not so good," Casey replies.

"I'm starting to get worried," she says, "How long has it been going on now? Almost a month, right?"

"Yeah, I think so."

"A month is a long time to have a stomachache."

"You don't have to tell me. I just wish I knew what caused it. Maybe I developed an allergy. Gluten or something."

"Well, a month ago—that was when you and Sue had the conversation, right?"

"Around then."

"Maybe it's just stress then," she says. "Has it gotten any better with you two?"

"It's about the same," Casey answers. "She's serious, and I sort of see why. Something has changed."

"With you or with her?"

"I don't know. I still feel the same, so with her, I guess. I think maybe it's just that I'm gone so much shooting. It wears on her." As he speaks, he clutches his stomach. Then, hands trembling, he takes another sip.

"But it's your passion, I'm sure she knows that," Amanda replies.

"It used to be my passion," he says, "but I don't know anymore. I sort of wonder if it is all worth it. I mean, if I didn't have to put so much of my time into it, if I worked doing something normal, we wouldn't be having these issues."

"Of course it's worth it! Listen, I went out last night with John Sphick—you know, the critic—he was telling me that your character is the best acted villain on television. They are all saying the same. Haven't you read the reviews?"

"I have," Casey replies.

"See? You're doing something important."

"Maybe. I don't know—"

He is interrupted by a knock on the rear window of the car. When they look back, they see one of the producers motioning for them to get moving.

"I just don't know, Amanda," Casey says, and they get out from the car and take their places back on the set.

#

The woman's hands are bound together now, and her ankles too. She sits in the dust and shivers, crying exaggeratedly. Her blood-red dress, which has now been lightened into a pink by the ashy soil, offers no protection from the wind. "Please," she says, "I'm so cold."

"Just shut up," her kidnapper replies. He stares off down the road, waiting for the car.

"No," she says, "look at what you're doing to me," and she shifts around to kneel, her hands clasped together.

"Look what you're doing to me..." Casey says, looks down at her, and pauses. It is a substantial pause. After a moment his resolve breaks. "I can't do it," he says, and he turns and heads for the car.

"What the fuck, Casey?" the director calls after him. "It was perfect!"

Casey ignores the shout. He goes down the road and gets into the driver seat. Once in, he rests his head on the steering wheel. Occasionally his body clenches as he suppresses a gag. After a few of these, Amanda gets into the passenger seat. Her hands and ankles are no longer bound.

"You said you couldn't do it," she says, "What did you mean?"

"I don't know, Amanda, my stomach just hurts so goddamned badly."

"It'll pass. Look, sit here, drink some of this,"—she passes him the bottle of Pepto-Bismol— "and sit for a minute. You'll feel better soon, don't worry."

Casey only shakes his head.

"What do you mean? You can't just give it a second?" she asks.

"No, I've got to go talk to Sue," Casey answers. "Give me the keys."

"Hold on, we were right in the middle of the shot. What's gotten into you?"

"I've been holding her hostage. It isn't right. I have got to go talk to her."

"You can talk to her later, we need you right now."

"I can't do it," Casey says. "I can't."

"You have to. You can't just leave halfway through a shot."

"My stomach burns, Amanda. And Sue—God, she must be miserable."

"Casey, listen to me. This is important, what we have going here. Just finish shooting, and then when we're done you can go back and make up. It will only be a few more hours. I know she can wait just a few more hours."

Casey looks like he wants to argue but takes the bottle and obediently swallows some down. Then he sits, hands around his belly. After a few moments, it does seem to abate some. He looks over at his friend, his hands relaxing down to rest on his thighs.

"Maybe you're right," he says, "do you really think it's going to be okay?"

"I know that you two love each other, and that if you just talk to her when you get home tonight, things will be fine."

"Okay," he says, "just give me a second to sit."

"Tell me when you're ready."

It takes about ten minutes. Casey sits and looks out at the dead hills, sipping Bismol. Soon, the bottle is empty. When it is, he opens his door.

"You ready?" she asks.

"I am."

They clamber out of the car and walk slowly back to the set. "What the fuck was that, Casey?" the director asks.

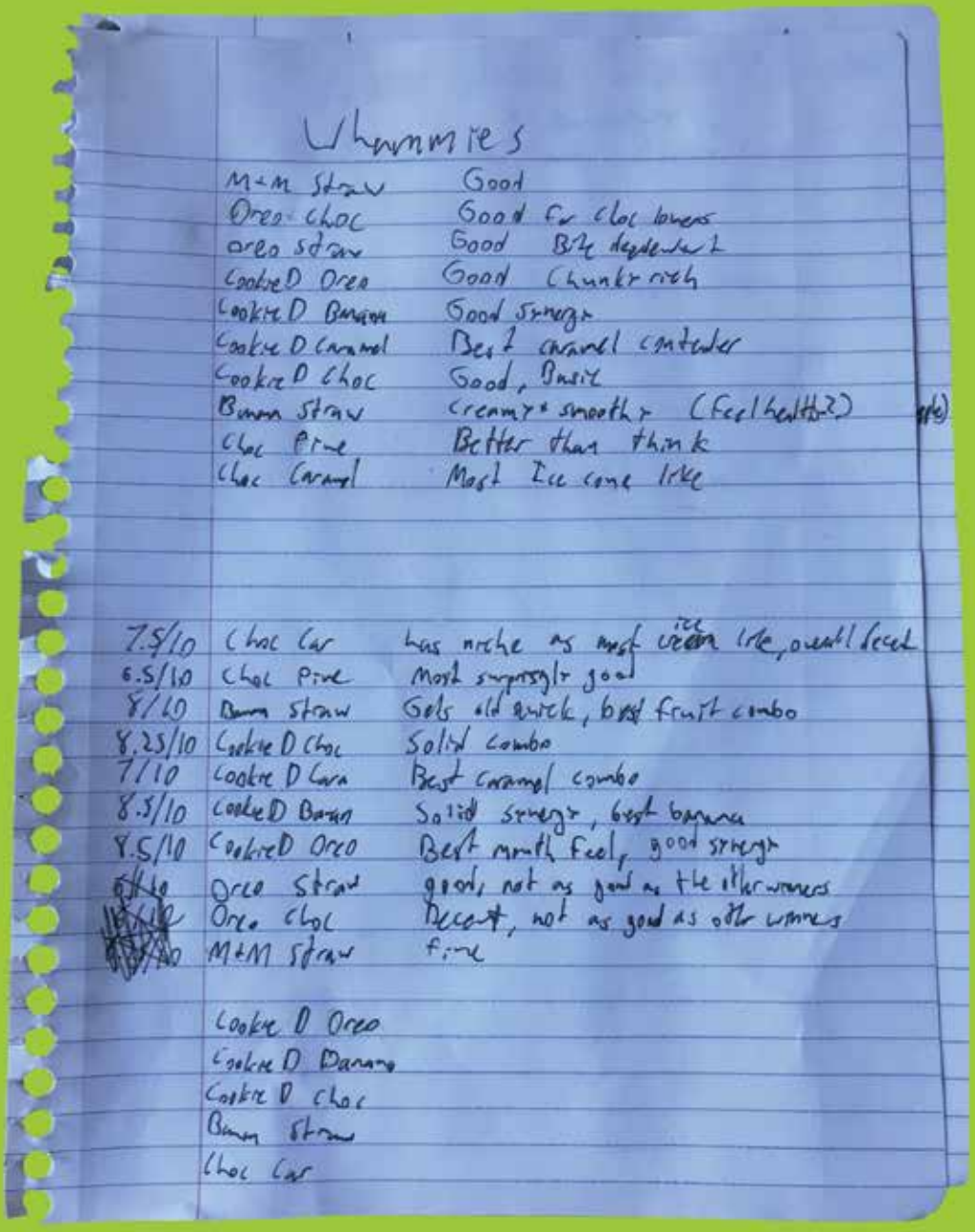
"I'm sorry," he answers, "I'm ready now." The pair take their positions. Amanda sits down and ties her feet together and holds out her arms for the rest. Casey wraps the ropes around her wrists.

"Nobody is going to get hurt," Casey tells her, just getting into character, "just sit there and wait, and everything is going to be alright."

45 Flavors of Sick

by Ava Hearn

It was a dark and stormy night in Hamilton dining hall when I decided to order a whammy, a soft serve ice cream delicacy famous among freshman and upperclassmen alike. 45 minutes later I still sat waiting. Eager to find out what was taking so long I realized what the hold up was... 45 whammies of all flavors and combinations. Two UO first-years determined to decipher the best whammy flavor in an elaborate scientific experiment. Who are these heroes you ask? Wilson deBrine and Nicky Pardy had been whammy aficionados since they first set foot on the UO campus. They spent two weeks calculating flavor combinations, rationing meal points, and planning the experiment so when the day finally came they were well prepared. What is the best flavor you ask? Well... after an hour of tasting and comparing, a process which nearly made them sick, the winner was (drum roll please) COOKIE DOUGH OREO!



Whammies

M+M Straw	Good
Oreo Choc	Good for choc lovers
oreo straw	Good But dependent
Cookie D Oreo	Good Chunky rich
Cookie D Banana	Good strength
Cookie D Caramel	Best caramel contender
Cookie D Choc	Good, Basic
Banana Straw	Creamy + smooth + (Feel healthy?)
Choc Pine	Better than think
Choc Caramel	Most Ice cone like

7.5/10	Choc Car	has niche as most ice cream like, overall decent
6.5/10	Choc Pine	Most surprisingly good
8/10	Banana Straw	Gets old quick, best fruit combo
8.25/10	Cookie D Choc	Solid combo
7/10	Cookie D Cara	Best Caramel combo
8.5/10	Cookie D Banana	Solid strength, best banana
8.5/10	Cookie D Oreo	Best mouth feel, good strength
[illegible]/10	Oreo Straw	good, not as good as the other whammies
[illegible]/10	Oreo Choc	Decent, not as good as other whammies
[illegible]/10	M+M Straw	fine

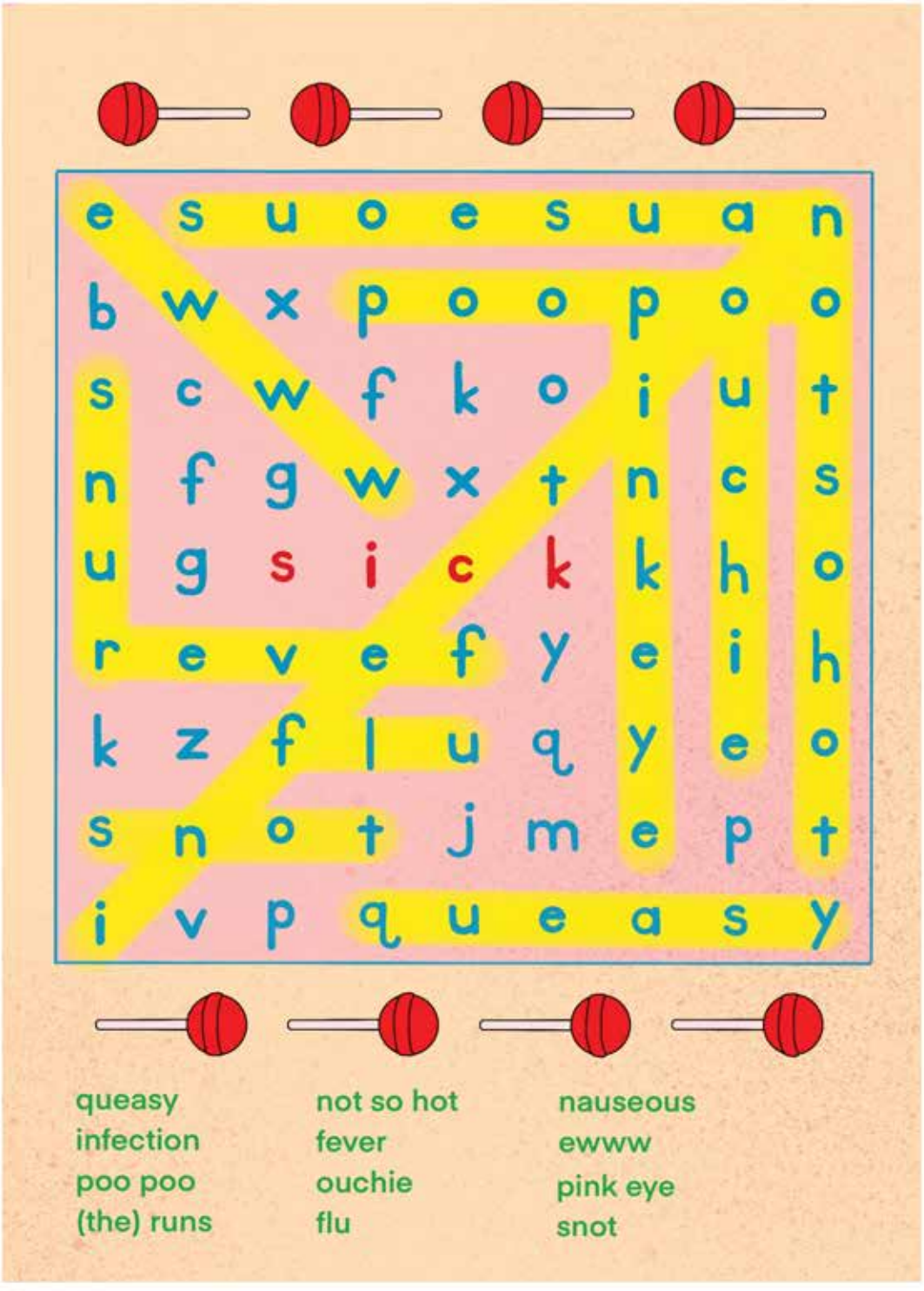
Cookie D Oreo
Cookie D Banana
Cookie D Choc
Banana Straw
Choc Car

Notes courtesy of Wilson deBrine and Nicky Pardy

Thea Owens

Evan Hazlett

Tottie Cranbrook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queasy
infection
poo poo
(the) runs
not so hot
fever
ouchie
flu
nauseous
ewww
pink eye
snot

Eleanor Klock

“You gave me mono.”

OGOVOR
RENVOI